CURRENT ANECDOTES

AND ILLUSTRATIVE SHORT STORIES

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CURRENT EVENTS.

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THE GOOD SIDE OF THE RUT.

Two days after the battle of Glencoe the British soldiers were turned out for a rapid march to Ladysmith. They had hardly left the camp when the Boers started shelling it again. The whole brigade was about two miles long. They were marching all night until about five o'clock in the morning, then after three hours' rest, they were marched again until five o'clock in the afternoon. On again at night, then another rest. On again at six o'clock next morning until three o'clock in the afternoon. Forward again at six o'clock, marching all night. It was raining all this time. They were often marching through water up to their knees. They reached Ladysmith about eight o'clock one morning, very nearly dead. Many of the soldiers were walking while fast asleep. If a man fell out of line he dropped asleep immediately upon touching the ground. The power to march and sleep at the same time illustrates the good side of routine. It is so common for us to abuse the getting into ruts that it is well to remember that it has its good side as well as its bad side. Human life could not be carried on without the rut. Power of habit comes in on the side of good deeds as well as bad ones. It is possible to get so in the habit of doing one's duty, that one goes straight on doing it, asleep or awake. To such people, the doing right is natural; and they do not even think of not doing it. Duty has become to them God's military drill. and they keep step automatically on the highway of holiness. (301)

LOVE, THE KEY TO THE HUMAN HEART.

There is left alive only one of the Esquimaux brought down by Peary from the most northern tribe in the world. This is a little boy called Mene. On the day the little Esquimau's father died, Mene went to the Wallace house, near where he had lived, heart-broken. The Wallaces had a little boy named Willie, who had learned to talk by signs with the little stranger who did not know much English. "Mene 'tay here, Willie," he said, and the desolate little savage could speak no more. "Do you want to stay here always?" asked kind Mrs. Wallace, and a nod was the only reply. "Don't you ever want to go back?" she asked. The boy shook his head. "Then you shall stay," she said. A radiance overspread the dirty, swarthy face, and a little later the two boys were seen issuing from the Esquimau cottage bound for the Wallace house, carrying with them all Mene's possessions. The little fellow has developed into a very interesting boy. He holds his own with the best scholars in the

public school and is a very kind and generous-natured lad. Mrs. Wallace telling how she won his heart to herself, relates that one day when he was sick, he was lying on the sofa, perfectly still and not seeming to notice anyone. Her own little boy came up to her and said, "Mamma, kiss Mene!" She went over and softly kissed him. The smile that lighted up his face was a perfect transformation. The poor little heart had been home-sick for love and from that hour he was a new boy. Love is the key to the human heart the world over. Doors that are closed against every other key will open to that. (302)

TAMING THE SPIRIT.

They used to teach us at school that the zebra could not be broken to harness. But the school books were wrong. When Cecil Rhodes was in Berlin he told one of his German friends that he drove a four-in-hand composed of four zebras, in the Transvaal. On the steppes of southern Russia also, many zebras are raised and used for drawing carriages. Baron Walter Rothschild of London has a zebra four-in-hand, and says that the wild zebras may be broken to harness just as well as those born and raised in captivity. God has made all the creatures of the earth to serve their purpose, and man was given dominion over them. The time will come when we will know there are no untamable creatures in God's universe. The hardest thing in the world to tame when it has gone wild is the human spirit. We are told in the Gospels of a man whom Christ met at Gadara, who had an evil spirit and whom no man could tame. But Christ tamed him and made him a peaceful and useful member of society. He has not lost His power in taming the passions of the human heart. (303)

SYMPATHY.

In the Zoological Garden at Paris a notable occurrence took place the other day. Professor A. Milne-Edwards, the eminent naturalist, witnessed it and made it the subject of an article which has just appeared in the French Scientific Journal. Two sun birds, popularly known as Japanese nightingales, though their home is in India and in China, were disturbed by a gray cardinal which got into their cage, and at once picked a quarrel. One of the sun birds lost almost all its feathers and was grievously wounded. The poor creature found itself crippled and unable to sit on the perch. Furthermore, its feathers being gone, it suffered greatly from cold. Marvellous now was the sympathy manifested by its companion. Every evening it gathered moss and hay with which it made a warm bed for the invalid. Every night it perched beside the sufferer on the cold floor, its wings being spread out to warm its companion as much as possible. For several nights it played the part of the Good Samaritan. All its efforts were unavailing and the wounded bird died. Thereupon the other literally grieved to death. God whose heart is full of sympathy has put it into all the creatures He has made, and most of all into His children, and there can be nothing more unnatural and inhuman than a man or a woman without sympathy. Sympathy is so divine a thing that we ought never to hold it back from expression when we feel its sacred throb. (304)

SEEKING LOST TREASURES.

Some remarkable treasures have just been brought up by Greek divers from the bottom of the sea at the spot where the famous naval battle of Tscheschme took place a hundred and thirty years ago. The spot is in the Aegean sea off the island of Chios. Two famous Russian men-of-war and several Turkish vessels were sunk here July 5th, 1770. The first treasure the divers discovered at this point was a chest containing twelve thousand gold ducats. Soon afterward they found many other articles of great value, including an iron box with two thousand gold pieces of various denominations, many handsome copper vessels, a large and massive gold goblet, several costly pieces of silverware and a large number of fire-arms. The Turkish government has determined to make a thorough examination of the entire sea bottom covered during the fight, as it is known that there was a large quantity of bullion on board the Turkish vessels which went down. There is always a fascination about seeking lost treasures. The greatest field for that kind of work is in the human heart. Every earnest seeker there finds treasures more precious than gold bullion or ducats (305)

UNSENSITIVE HEARTS.

The gold leaf trade uses a great many Bibles in an unusual way. The gold leaf is packed in books made of paper leaves cut from the Bible. There is no intention on the part of the dealers to be irreverent in thus using the pages of the Bible, but it has become a universal practice in the trade. Most of the gold leaf goes to shops where artists' materials are sold and it is packed between printed sheets because the slight indentations in the paper made by the printing serve to hold the delicate film of gold in place. The reason for using the Bible sheets is that the Bible is usually printed in small type and is always very evenly set, and the impression of the type on the paper is very slight, but quite enough to hold the gold leaf in place without injuring it. There are a good many people who use their Bibles in much the same way. It is a book of quotations or reference in a literary way, or in some other manner connected with business life; and it makes no more impression on their hearts than it does on the gold leaf. To really get the message of salvation from the Bible one must come to it with a heart sensitive to its need of God and of divine help. (306)

GOD'S WORLD VS. MAN'S WORLD.

Dr. George H. Hepworth, preaching in the New York Herald on the text, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor," declares that a world made by selfishness for purely selfish and greedy purposes does not in any way resemble a world made by brotherly love for the good of all. He calls attention to the sad fact that up to the present we are largely living in a world of selfishness, and that all around us old hearts are breaking and young hearts are aching. There are hungry mouths, frail bodies chilled by the winter cold, and eyes that are weeping in utter despair. There are men whom a word of kindly encouragement would save, and women who are forced by dire necessity to choose between death and bartering their honor for food and clothing. There are tragedies every day in the year in every town in the land which would make anyone who has a heart quiver with pitying sympathy. The cure for all this can only be found in flooding the world with brotherly affection. In that way we will drown out nearly every vice. The lowly will respect the high and the high will cheer the lowly. The hearthstone of poverty will blaze with good cheer, and the larder will never be wholly empty. They who struggle will find a helping hand when Christ comes to tell us how best to live, and they who weep will hear the voice of a ready sympathy. (307)

AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.

Just now there is a good deal of discussion as to what kind of clothes an American Minister or Ambassador should wear in visiting the Courts of foreign governments. It revives the story of how the first envoy of the United States, Benjamin Franklin, the master printer, presented himself at the splendid Court of Louis XVI at Versailles. On this occasion the French King was wearing a coat embroidered with diamonds; the diamonds on coat alone were valued at two hundred thousand dollars. His courtiers were attired in the same luxurious fashion. Franklin appeared in his Sunday best, of brown homespun. The best men of the age honored him for his simplicity and manhood. We should say that the best dress for an American Ambassador, or President, is the quiet, every-day dress of an American gentleman. Our American institutions are built on the respect we pay to the individual man. Our whole theory of life is that "fine feathers do not make fine birds," and that manhood and American citizenship are on an equality with anything on earth. (308)

THE GROWTH OF COMFORT.

The Bishop of London writing in the Cornhill Magazine sets forth very clearly the remarkable growth in the comfort of the people since the days of good Queen Bess. The average houses in London at that time were built without foundation, and were cold and damp. One of the first indications of greater comfort was a rapid increase in chimneys and the provision of fire-places. The rooms were low and ill-lighted, notwithstanding the fact that glass now replaced horn or lattice-work in the windows. An Italian traveler of that time exclaimed: "O, wretched windows, which cannot open by day, nor shut by night!" The floors were strewn with sand, or more generally with rushes. Unless these were frequently

removed they became a harbor for dirt, especially in the dining-room where bones were thrown from the table to the dogs beneath. There was no regard for what we consider sanitary precautions, and it is no wonder that the plague in some form or other was epidemic. Sensitive persons were compelled to carry with them something fragrant which they might smell when they were too powerfully attacked by unpleasant odors. Working people of today may well comfort themselves with the fact that in spite of all the inequalities and injustices charged against the present industrial system, that the ordinary working man's family has more comfort than the King's palace of a hundred years ago and that every decade adds to that comfort. (309)

THE SOLDIERS OF PEACE.

Mr. Jacob A. Riis calls attention to what Colonel Roosevelt said of his Rough Riders after the fight in the trenches before Santiago, that it is the test of men's nerve to have them roused up at three o'clock in the morning, hungry and cold, to fight an enemy attacking in the dark, and then have them all run the same way, forward; and declares that this is true of the firemen as well, and, like the Rough Riders, they never fail when the test comes. The firemen go to the front at the tap of the bell no less surely to grapple with lurking death than the men who face Mauser bullets, but with none of the incidents of glorious war, the flag, the hurrah, and all the things that fire a soldier's heart, to urge them on—clinging half naked with numb fingers to the ladders as best they can while trying to put on their stiff and frozen garments. This is one of the sights that makes one proud of being a man. To see the firemen in action, dripping icicles from helmet and coat, high up on the ladder, perhaps incased in solid ice and frozen to the round, yet holding the stream as steady to its work as if the spray from the nozzle did not fall upon them in showers of stinging hail, is very apt to make a man devoutly thankful that it is not his lot to fight fires in winter. Only two years ago in New York City two pipe men had to be chopped from their ladders with axes, so thick was the armor of ice that had formed about and upon them while they worked. The public should lose no opportunity in showing appreciation of these heroic soldiers who fight to save life and not to destroy it. (310)

OLD MAXIMS REVERSED.

Beatrice Hanscom writing in the Century Magazine calls attention to the danger of being carried away by the military spirit of our time until we drift far from the landmarks of wisdom in our thinking. She says:

We're reversing old maxims of late, or
  We're getting exceedingly near it.
To heroes in action we cater,
  And this is the way that you hear it:
"He that taketh a city is greater
  Than he who just ruleth his spirit." (311)

THE LITTLE FOXES.

A recent medical writer assures us that whatever differences of opinion there may be upon the advisability of smoking for men, there is none as to its pernicious effect upon boys. It affects the action of the heart and reduces the capacity of the lungs. Young men who are being trained for athletics are not permitted to smoke by their trainers because, as they say, "It is bad for the wind." The argument that will appeal most forcibly to the average boy is that smoking will stunt his growth. It has been proved that youthful smokers are shorter and weigh less than their comrades who do not smoke. Cigarettes are particularly injurious. Nicotine, the active principle of tobacco, is said by chemists to be, next to prussic acid, the most rapidly fatal poison known. The tender tissues of a growing boy cannot absorb even a very small quantity of it without most injurious results. This is a case where it is very important to trap "the little foxes" that spoil the very best grapes of life. (312)

A MOTHER'S LONGING.

There is something very tender and sweet in Theodosia Garrison's song of the longing of a mother's heart to meet the child lost out of her arms on earth, unchanged in the reunion of heaven. Under the title of "Her Mother" she writes these exquisite lines that throb with pathos:

I cannot think of her as one of His
  Exquisite angels, fair, and very wise
In all the many ways of perfect bliss,
  Treading the flowered fields of Paradise.

Nay, she is still the little child that knew
  No thing beyond my arm's warm tenderness,
That spoke no word, my little child who drew
  My love by very strength of helplessness.

Lord, when before the doorway of thy house,
  A timid, new-born soul, I, trembling, stand,
Let her not come with glory on her brows,
  A fair, strong angel, bearing thy command;

But let mine own, my child, look up at me
  With the same eyes that need me, crave me, and
Draw me across thy threshold tenderly
  With her own hand—her little, tender hand. (313)

SEEING OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.

One of the fiercest and most determined fighters in the Civil War was General N. B. Forrest, commanding the Confederate Cavalry. His name was a redoubtable one, and few of his opponents were aware of a humorous side of his disposition, familiar to his friends. For many years the General loved to tell the story of an incident of the war. The few troopers he had with him were being hotly pursued by the Federals, and the General was galloping along at top speed. A fiery Southern woman happened to be standing by the roadside and when she saw the flying Confederate officer her indignation boiled over. Shaking her fist in scorn, she screamed: "Why don't you turn and fight, you cowardly rascal? If old Forrest were here he'd make you fight!" Fortunately, the General's horse soon carried him out of range of this Southern battery. (314)

RELIGION AND DISCIPLINE AS FORCES.

Theodore Roosevelt in his story of "Cromwell and his Men," in Scribner's Magazine, brings out clearly the power of religion and discipline in building up strong character. Roosevelt says: "Cromwell suppressed all plundering with an iron hand. An eminently practical man, not in the least a theoretical democrat, but imbued with that essence of democracy which prompts a man to recognize his fellows for what they really are, without regard to creed or cast, it speedily became known that under him anyone would have a fair show according to his merits. He realized to the full that the quality of troops was of vastly more consequence than their numbers; that only the best men can be made the best soldiers, and that these best men themselves will make but poor soldiers unless they have good training. His troops proved what iron discipline, joined to stern religious enthusiasm, could accomplish; just as later their immense superiority to the forces of the Scotch Covenanters showed that religious and patriotic enthusiasm, by itself, is but a poor substitute for training and discipline." This is a good message for the Christian church. The soldier of Jesus Christ must first be a good man, and afterwards trained and disciplined in doing the will of God. (315)

SOLDIERS WHO DIE TO SAVE.

Helen Gray Cone sings in the Century Magazine a very pretty tribute to George E. Waring, whose self-sacrificing devotion to duty in devising means to purify the city of Havana cost him his life. She says:

Brave was that earliest song of our English race,
Of the Dragon-Slayer, who died by the dragon's breath;
Glad of his clear deeds done, he laughed in the eyes of Death.
Facing the Stony Face.
Brave by the blue North sea! Nor thou less brave,
Thou Fever-Slayer, yet slain by the breath abhorred;
Spirit that forthright flashed, like the straight-blade Saxon sword;
Soldier who died to save! (316)

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Mr. Glenn, the superintendent of public instruction in Georgia, recently explained the nature of the X-Ray to a gathering of colored children. After the meeting was over a colored youth called him aside and wanted to know if he was in earnest about the machine. Mr. Glenn assured him that he was. "Boss, I wants ter ax you ef er nigger et chicken kin you look in him an' see chicken?" "Why, yes, Ephraim," said Mr. Glenn. "Well, boss, I wants ter ax yer one mo' question. Kin you look in dat nigger an' tell whar dat chicken come from?" This amusing story goes straight to the point of the importance of a feeling of personal responsibility to God. It makes us know that there is One, and that One he in whose hand our breath of life is, who knows all about our conduct from the beginning of the thought to the conclusion of the deed. (317)

MERCIES UP TO DATE.

On Tuesday, January 2nd last, by fire and sledge hammer, all the dies bearing date from which were made United States coins in 1899 were destroyed. This was done to prevent their falling into the hands of counterfeiters. At the same time the new dies for 1900 were brought into use. In the engraving department of the Philadelphia mint all the dies that are used in the country are made, and during December every year new dies are made and sent to all the other mints. While the old dies are undergoing destruction the mints of the country start upon making gold, silver, nickel and copper coin from the gold eagle down to the copper cent, all bearing the impression of the new year's die. God's mercies are like that, for we are assured that "the Lord's mercies * * * are new every morning.' (318)

APPRECIATION.

Senator Chauncey Depew in an eloquent tribute to the memory of Vice-President Hobart delivered in the United States Senate, illustrated in a significant way a fact that is sometimes forgotten, that no man ever reaches a position of such great wealth or power, but what the natural longing for appreciation by his fellows continues in him, provided his nature is normal and wholesome. Mr. Depew says: "In mid ocean, on one of the great steam ships some years ago, a gentlemen extended his hand and said: 'I am Garret A. Hobart, of New Jersey. I know you and want you to know me.' Afterward, in the confidences of fellow passengers on the sea, he said: 'The value of success is not so much in the things it enables you to do as the consideration it gives you in the minds of others. I have been successful, and I want that understood and appreciated.' In this incident came out the character of the man; the freshness, the frankness, the unspoiled joy of the boy, as happy over the things which gave pleasure and importance to his friends as he felt sure they would be over his own advancement." (319)

CEREMONY IN THE PLACE OF CHARACTER.

A private soldier writing home from the Philippines gives a very interesting commentary on the character of the work of the Roman Catholic church during Spanish rule in that country. He says: "If my descriptive powers had been cultivated I could write pages regarding this island, as it abounds with most interesting details. How I wish you could walk into some of the cathedrals here, all from two hundred to three hundred years old, moss covered and showing their age on all sides! At a recent function the figure of Mary was covered with diamonds valued at two million dollars. The following week a squad of guard searched the church, and in the vestment room found a hidden hole containing seventy-five rifles, ammunition, etc., and a large tin full of unset diamonds. The diamonds were given back to the priest." In the condition of things in the Philippines one may see a very

striking illustration of the result of putting form and ceremony above character in matters of religion. Pictures of the saints covered with diamonds may be very impressive, but spiritual graces, such as hope, and faith, and love, and gentleness, and meekness, and patience, and purity incarnated in human lives are infinitely more valuable and more in harmony with God's purpose among men. (320)

THE JOY OF LIBERTY.

Charles Neufeld, who was a prisoner in chains in Ondurman for twelve years and who was set at liberty by Lord Kitchener's wonderful victory over the Khalifa, writes an exceedingly interesting account of his experiences, in the "Wide World Magazine." His picture of his delight at the sight of the English shells flying over the prison and telling of promised liberation from captivity is full of pathos. He leaped to his feet and rushed as fast as his shackles allowed, stumbling to the middle of the open space of his prison pen, where he tried to dance and jump, calling on all to come and join him. He shouted that his "brothers" had got his messages. His brothers would spare all their lives for him. He danced, he laughed, he cried, he sung, he kissed his hands in welcome to those terrible messengers of death which were screeching and yelling overhead. He actually threw open his arms and leaped up to embrace a monster shell which a second later was to gather in death seventy-two men. And yet all that seems natural enough to us, because every hurtling shell made freedom seem nearer. Strange, is it not, that men who value liberty so much, will hug their chains of evil habit that are even more terrible than the shackles worn by Neufeld in the prison at Ondurman. It is because sin blinds men's eyes; when they see clearly, they welcome the coming of spiritual deliverance with joy and delight. (321)

BROTHERLY SYMPATHY.

Neufeld, the Ondurman prisoner rescued by Kitchener, says that when the city had fallen, the jailor came in nearly frightened out of his life, and told him that a big, tall man had asked for him and that he was to come at once. It seemed an age while the chain was being slipped from his shackles, and then, led by the jailor, he made his way to the gate of the prison. He was crying, dry-eyed. He could see a blurred group, and then he was startled out of his senses by hearing English spoken—the only words of the European language he had heard for seven long years. From that blurred group and through the gloom, came a deep, strong voice, "Are you Neufeld? Are you well?" Then a tall figure stepped toward him and gave his hand a hearty shake. It was the Sirdar, now Lord Kitchener. Looking down at his shackles, the Sirdar asked, "Can these be taken off now?" Then he heard the last order he was to receive and obey in prison, "Neufeld, out you go!" It was the Sirdar's order, and, half carried by the friendly and strong arm supporting him, he obeyed. The next thing he remembered was a British officer slipping off his horse, lifting him into the saddle, and trudging along at his side after the terribly trying and arduous day he must have had. In this way the prisoner was taken to the "Headquarters Mess." We have in that an illustration of how the Lord Jesus comes to set free the prisoners of sin who appeal to Him. Neufeld had been sending his letters of appeal, whenever he had a chance, to the English officers, so that they knew about him long before they came. Christ will come to the sinner on receipt of the first earnest, penitent message, and will take him out from his prison house and receive him with great tenderness into His own fellowship. (322)

GOLD TRIED IN THE FIRE.

There is a wonderful story in one of the current magazines which sets forth in a queer light the hardships which men will undergo in order to acquire gold. It tells the story of a man, who, in connection with some friends, had made some rich discoveries of paying dirt in northern Alaska. Being out hunting one day with one companion he got into a fight with a bear and had his leg fearfully crushed by the animal's teeth and jaws. His friends carried him to the sea coast and then leaving their claims, took him a nineteen days' journey to the nearest doctor. All this time his leg was without any intelligent dressing and had to be emputated at once to save his life. He got well, however, and went back to Alaska with his wooden leg and succeeded in bringing back with him enough gold to make him comfortable for life. Two years later he sent the doctor, who was a surgeon in the United States Navy, a souvenir of their first meeting. It was one of his bear's teeth handsomely mounted in some

of the gold which had cost him his leg. How rich men might be if they would give themselves over to search for the gold that Christ tells us about that is "tried in the fire," with the same devotion and self-sacrifice that they do in their search for the "gold that perishes." (323)

SELF-RESPECT.

Sincere self-respect is one of the chief characteristics of a noble character. Its power to control the strongest passions of men is very remarkable. In the records of the Franco-German war there is to be found a touching incident illustrating this fact. When the Prussians occupied the town of Amiens in 1870, their wounded were placed in the town hospitals, and there they were left at the mercy of the frenzied French populace. The mayor of the town, an honorable man, was charged with the safe keeping of the wounded, but there was no armed force at his disposal. He was, however, a man of resource and over the hospital doors he wrote the inscription: "For the honor of Amiens respect the wounded." His device proved a better safe-guard than a cordon of armed men. (324)

MULTIPLYING BY SHARING.

A newsboy was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction in a way that showed him well used to the business and of a temperament not easily daunted. The train started while he was making change and the conductor, passing him, laughed. "Caught this time, Joe!" he said. "You'll have to run to 14th street." "Don't care," laughed Joe, in return. "I can sell all the way back again." A white-haired old gentleman seemed interested in the boy, and questioned him concerning his way of living and his earnings. There was a younger brother to be supported, it seemed. "Jimmy" was lame, and "couldn't earn much hisself." "Ah, I see! That makes it hard—you could do better alone." The shabby little figure was erect in a moment, and the denial was prompt and somewhat indignant. "No, I couldn't! Jim's somebody to go home to—he's lots of help. What would be the good of havin' luck if nobody was glad, or of gittin' things if there was nobody to divide with?" "14th St.!" called the conductor, and as the newsboy plunged into the gathering dusk the old gentleman remarked, to nobody in particular: "I've heard many a poorer sermon than that." (325)

PEACE THAT CASTS OUT FEAR.

A novel remedy for insomnia is to try to picture another person asleep. It is claimed that the more clearly the other person's sleep is pictured the stronger becomes the subjective feeling of drowsiness. Give up trying to sleep. Nine times out of ten the blessing striven for in vain will come unsought, and that almost immediately, so that in looking back the next morning the last thing you remember will be your determination to lie awake. Directly you cease to strive for sleep—to wish ardently for it—the strain will be taken off the brain, the body will rest, because the mind is no longer preventing it, and sleep will be the happy result. In the wider search for happiness and peace it is well to learn the same lesson. Peace does not come to the people who are straining after it, but to those who seek to do their duty and fulfill God's will, and then trust the results entirely to Him. To such souls only can come the peace of God that "casteth out fear." (326)

DEVELOPING INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

From Washington it is announced that the Indian Department will try to establish a permanent "outing" system throughout the entire Indian service. This is the placing of Indian students in the best white families during vacation. Major Pratt, of the Carlisle Indian Institute, inaugurated this movement some three or four years ago and it has proved so successful that it is to be tried on a larger scale. The Department officials argue that while the boarding schools are excellent training schools for the Indian, he needs at times to be cut off from the sweep of school life and put upon his own solitary resources. They say he will not find in life a community of possessions and must learn to think and work for himself. He should do this during the period of education, and be made to trust solely in individual effort. The "outing" system tends to develop the Indian in what is akin to the best in family life. In the well-ordered American home he sees a wise adjustment of

the personal life to the needs of the family and of the family life to the needs of the community; that a weakness in one place is felt in all places, and so "individual responsibility" grows to have large meaning to him. For white children as well as Indian it is exceedingly important that the developing of individual responsibility should never be lost sight of by the parent or the teacher. If it is overlooded, weaklings are produced that make sad havoc with the serious questions of social and political life. (327)

NATURE'S RESOURCES.

There seems to be no limit to the resources of Nature. In Alexandria, Indiana, there is now a factory engaged in the business of making wool out of limestone. A chemist has discovered a process by which limestone blocks go in on one side of a strange looking furnace and come out at the other side a white wool-like substance. The product has hardly passed beyond the experimental stage, but it has been exhibited before the government experts and given general approval. All that can now be made is being shipped to the Philippines, where it will be used as a non-conductor in the store-houses for American troops. The climate in the Philippines is such that the government has experienced great difficulty in keeping stores from spoiling, and the experts believe that this wool will solve the problem. Experiments are being made with the hope of lengthening the nap so that it can be woven. If this could be achieved the cloth would have many advantages over any now on the market. As underclothing it would be soft, would confine the heat to the body, and being impervious to the blasts of winter it would be a capital raiment for Klondikers. When it had to be washed it could be hung in the flames of the fire to dry. Nature's resources are infinite because the God whose creation they are is Infinite. The man who puts his trust in God and who comes into personal communion with Him has an impregnable position. (328)

GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

Out in a certain section of Kansas a dozen women set their hearts upon a church building. There had recently been organized a church in the community and they found it impossible to raise money enough to buy the material necessary for such a house of worship as they desired, and at the same time pay for the building. Finally, the women determined to do the work themselves. Donning old clothes, they repaired to the site, staked off the ground and began excavating for the foundation. They dug away for two days without male help, but when they went to resume work on the third morning they found the place alive with men who had been shamed into helping them out. So the women set to work and served them a dinner. In the meantime the work on the church goes ahead with alacrity. People who try to answer their own prayers to the best of their ability will always find help coming in when the end of their own strength is reached. (329)

A DEVIL ENGINE.

After killing over a dozen human beings, numerous cattle, and being in twenty wrecks, an old engine is now standing in Logansport, Indiana, awaiting the time when the order shall be given to consign it to the scrap pile. This engine has had a bad history. Twice it ran away, once without an engineer and again with a man standing powerless with his hand on the throttle. Of course nobody believes that the engine is itself at fault. It has been simply the creature of the men who made it and have controlled it; but it suggests the course of some men in this world. If you look back over the story of their lives you will find they have been like the story of that "Devil Engine," in that all along the way they have been causing wrecks and disaster to multitudes of people. They have broken away from control or run wild to the danger of their fellowmen. But no man can lay the blame for this upon others, for the power of choice is in every man's heart, and Christ the "Chief Engineer" is ready to give His wisdom and loving care to insure the complete renovation and repair of every human engine that will submit itself to His hand. (330)

VALUE OF A NAME.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew says that a farmer came into his law office in Peekskill, New York, the first day he opened it, when he was fresh from his admission to the bar.

The farmer asked him a question in regard to the settlement of an estate. Depew looked it up and when the farmer came back the next week he gave him a written opinion, for which he charged him five dollars. The farmer said that he would never succeed if his fees were so exorbitant, and he gave him one dollar and seventy-five cents. That was his beginning. Twenty years afterward a gentleman came to Depew's office in New York and asked him the same question. He answered it immediately and it was exactly the same answer he had given the old farmer. The interview occupied about an hour, and his client gave him five hundred dollars. This illustrates that in the legal profession, as everywhere else, a good name is the most valuable of resources. (331)

IMMEDIATE PLEASURE VS. PERMANENT SUCCESS.

One of the most successful business men in the United States being recently asked the path a young man must take in order to achieve success, said he must make cast iron rules at the start, to practice self-denial, regularity and temperance, a love for work, a rigid regard for the minutest detail of business, and, above all, choose the loss of every dollar rather than perform a single act of dishonesty. This successful man declares that failure is most frequently caused by falling by the wayside. Young men become victims of immediate pleasure rather than long and courageous struggle to permanent success. The devil catches more men and women at that point perhaps than at any other. Men take the present pleasure, and the result is permanent despair; when by denying themselves for the present, they might enter into permanent peace. The people who mount up "with wings as eagles," in Isaiah's vision, are those who "wait upon the Lord." (332)

A CITY NEIGHBORHOOD.

There is a sensation in New York City in business circles over the plans which are being made to connect new structures which are being built with the underground stations of New York's new underground railroad system which is soon to be an accomplished fact. Many heads of the large dry-goods houses, office and business structures along the route are consulting architects with a view to such private connections with underground stations. Merchants favorably located say it will add much to their profits in stormy weather because fair customers up town will be able to alight practically inside the store without venturing above ground. For those living in up-town apartment structures connected by private passages, a tour of the shopping district and down-town office buildings will be possible without a moment's exposure to outside elements. One can easily imagine to what a vast extent such a system may run in the way of adding possible comfort to city life. Thus it is that modern civilization is steadily working toward the great ideal of christianity when all the world will be one neighborhood in brotherly fellowship. (333)

POISONOUS FUMES.

Explorers in New Zealand and the surrounding islands have discovered a lake of sulphuric acid, in the center of Sulphur Island off New Zealand. It is described as being fifty acres in extent, about twelve feet in depth and fifteen feet above the level of the sea. The most remarkable characteristic of this Lake is that the water contains vast quantities of hydrochloric and sulphuric acids, hissing and bubbling at a temperature of 110 degrees. Dense clouds of sulphuric fumes constantly roll off this boiling caldron, and care has to be exercised in approaching this lake to avoid the risk of suffocation. There are some men and women like that lake. They have so given over their thoughts and imaginations to sin and wicked passion that the spirit of their conversation and life is full of deadly poison; and yet Jesus Christ is able to cleanse and purify a heart as wicked as that and make the influence of it sweet and wholesome. (334)

WEAKNESSES OF THE STRONG.

It is said that Lord Roberts, commander of two hundred thousand British soldiers in South Africa, possessor of the Victoria Cross and all sorts of medals, is almost paralyzed with fear at the sight of a cat. No cat has been admitted at the Roberts house for years. During one of the actions outside Cabul, when bullets and gunshot were freely falling around

the General and his staff, he was, as usual, coolly indifferent, but all at once he was seen to tremble and pale with fright. The hero of a hundred battles pointed helplessly over his shoulder to a neighboring wagon, and the staff saw a half-starved black cat perched on top of it. His strange fear of the cat was so great as to completely distract General Roberts' attention from the field of battle, and it was not until a subaltern drove the animal away that the English General was able to bring his thoughts back to the conflict. The soldiers of Christ who are battling against the forces of evil should never forget that even the strongest men and women usually have some weak spot in their armor which needs to be peculiarly guarded against attack. Paul was wise when he said concerning our life race that we should take care against "the sin which doth so easily beset us." (335)

A STATIONARY CIVILIZATION.

Most interesting is the fact in connection with the vast collection of plants and flowers taken from ancient Egyptian tombs by a Frenchman known as Mariette Bey, that exactly similar plants are still to be found growing in the valley of the Nile. The closest examination fails to reveal the slightest difference between the plants that flourished fifty centuries ago and those which the traveler sees to-day; exactly such flowers as the boy Moses and the children of Joseph picked still bloom unchanged, even in color. There are to be seen in Bey's collection blue sprays of larkspur which loving hands laid upon the bodies of those who died a thousand years before Abraham and Sarah went down into Egypt. It is interesting to note in connection with this that except where English influence has touched it human life is as unchanged in Egypt as are the varieties of flowers. The same thing is true in China. The reason for all this is that the religion of these people has not awakened them to intellectual progress. The Christian religion is the religion of advancement. It touches the brain of mankind as if with a magic wand. It awakens invention; it inspires hope; it fills the soul with dreams of conquest. Christ's words meant more than any narrow interpretation put upon them when He said to His disciples, "Ye are the light of the world." (336)

THE WISDOM OF LITTLE CREATURES.

Every one remembers the famous anecdote of Robert Bruce and the Spider, which encouraged him to renew his patriotic efforts when he was hiding discouraged in a hut. Others will remember how David was saved from the pursuit of Saul by the spider that spun its web over the mouth of the cave in which he was hiding and misled his pursuers into the idea that he could not possibly be in the cave. But the latest discoveries of an American scientist, Dr. Cunningham, may suggest to military men that the habits of the spider are instructive as to tactics. Seated at the center of operations, he feels the slightest touch at any part of his domain by the wonderful telegraph line built by himself. His method of providing a line of defence, avenues of escape, and his constant oversight of his territory inspires the careful observer with hearty respect for the skill and cleverness of the wonderful insect. How can any man study such a little creature and imagine that it came by chance, and that behind such a creation there was no wise planning. Surely the Psalmist was right when he said that it was "the fool" that "hath said in his heart there is no God." (337)

A PARIS TEMPERANCE RESTAURANT.

An interesting outcome of the recent Anti-Alcoholic Congress in Paris has been the establishment of a temperance restaurant in that city—the first of its kind. The primary intention was to influence the working classes. Although the experiment has been bitterly fought by the neighboring "wine merchants," it has been a success from the very start. Tea, coffee, chocolate and non-alcoholic beverages are rapidly taking the place among the customers of this restaurant of the hitherto almost universally used wine and beer. These temperance experiments in France are very significant and will be watched with great interest in this country. (338)

THE SON OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

An American clergyman writing some years since on the English language as his theme, penned these very beautiful and suggestive lines:

It kindles realms so far apart
That, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with Autumn's fruits
And those with flowers of Spring.
It quickens lands whose meteor lights
Flame in an Arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross
Hang its orbed fires on high.

While these beautiful lines may be well applied to the English language, how aptly they might be applied to Christ as the Sun of Righteousness shining upon all lands and all peoples without any intervening night. (339)

CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY.

The Boston Transcript is responsible for the statement that Monasteries to house the Brotherhood of the La Trappe are to be erected in Massachusetts in the towns of Millis and Medway. Seven hundred acres of land have been purchased and the Brotherhood are to begin it in April, 1900. This is one of the most austere of all the Orders in the Catholic church. At midnight the day begins and all the Brotherhood go to chapel. Sleep follows until four o'clock, when they again go to chapel. Without taking breakfast they toil in the fields until ten o'clock, when they partake of vegetable soup and porridge, and continue working until noon, when chapel is sought. Until vespers farming is continued, and after the service the hearty meal of the day, consisting of coarse bread and vegetables, is in order. Devotional reading and meditation follow this repast. During the entire day not a word is exchanged in conversation. The only exception to this is on Christmas when there is a relaxation of this rule, and after mass they all enjoy the privilege of talking to the utmost. Strange is it not that there should still be people on the earth to imagine that being miserable is any sign of godliness? And how grateful every happy Christian should be for the privilege of a practical Christmas every day in the year. (340)

GLADSTONE AND HIS QUEEN.

A recent writer in Chambers's Journal relates that when Mr. Gladstone was leader of the House he had to write frequent letters to the Queen giving his impressions as to public business. These letters he often wrote while sitting on the Treasury bench after the dinner hour, and they sometimes appeared to tax even his mental resources. He wrote them in a small and not very legible hand, and their composition occupied a considerable time. Sometimes he would pause for a few minutes before finishing a half-written letter, and in no duty did he seem to take such care, and keen observers often remarked that he could more easily deliver a long speech than write a letter to Her Majesty. If Gladstone were so careful in what he should write to his Queen, how much more should we be thoughtful and careful in bringing our hearts and thoughts into the proper frame of mind and spirit to breathe out our petitions to the King of Kings. (341)

ONLY ONE QUEEN.

A beekeeper, expert in knowledge of bees and their habits, says there can be but one queen to a colony, and as soon as the first queen is born she will go around to the other queen cells, rip them open and kill the about-to-be-born queens just as fast as she can. It is thus that she disposes of all possible rivals. Her course meets with the entire approval of the other bees; in fact, if two queens happen to be born at the same time, the bees bring them together at once and make them fight until one or the other is dead. Two queens would be worse than none at all. If the queens are disposed to tolerate one another and will not fight when brought together, the other bees will force them to it, and they are obliged to combat for supremacy. Surely a man ought to be as wise as a bee, and whenever he is he knows that Christ's word is true, that "no man can serve two masters." (342)

THE BEST WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

At a gathering of florists during a convention of the Society of American Florists held in Philadelphia some fifteen years ago, the advocate of the orchid presented the claims of his flower with great enthusiasm, and ventured the prediction that orchids and orchid flowers would in time become the flowers for the millions. That his prediction in a great measure

has been realized the florists' windows of to-day attest, although the prices these flowers command are still sufficiently high to limit their use to the well-to-do class. In the spiritual realm the rarest blooms are within the possibilities of the very poorest. Observation and history prove that the homes of the poor are as likely places as the mansions of the rich for the production of those spiritual graces which are the most fragrant and beautiful attractions of human life. (343)

THE HURRICANE TREE.

In Nassau, the capital city of the Bahama Islands, they say "the tree in the public square"—not the trees. Now, the public square of Nassau is quite as large as that of most cities of the size, but there is only one tree in it, and that tree literally fills the square and spreads its shade over all the public buildings in the neighborhood. For it is the largest tree in the world at its base, although it is hardly taller than a three-story house. It is variously known as ceiba, or a silk cotton tree, but the people of the low islands of the West Indies call it the Hurricane tree. For no matter how hard the wind blows it cannot disturb the mighty, buttressed trunk of the ceiba. In the hurricane of last year all the palms and many of the other trees of Nassau were overturned, but the great Hurricane tree, although it lost all its leaves, did not lose so much as a branch. Its trunk throws out great curving, wing-like braces, some of them twenty feet wide and nearly as high. These extend into the ground on all sides and brace the tree against all attacks, while the great branches spread a thick shade overhead. In the tropic sunshine at midsummer, hundreds, even thousands, of people may gather in the cool of its shadow. The sincere Christian who runs all roots of his affection and purpose down into the soil of God's will, shall be a hurricane tree, able to defy all the storms of life. No other life can be so impregnable to attack as the one that is buttressed about with the promises of God. (344)

TURNING A PEST INTO A BLESSING.

For many years the Australians have been trying to get rid of the rabbits which have overrun that country. To-day, however, the Australians appear to be a little more resigned under the infliction. The idea occurred to them, awhile ago, that they might utilize the animal on a large scale as a commercial commodity. So they set to work to kill rabbits by the thousands, can the meat and send it to Europe in cold storage. Australian canned rabbit sells at a cheap price in the British markets and is beginning to be largely consumed by those who cannot afford very often to indulge in beef. The largest consignment of rabbit thus far, was shipped from Melbourne on a steamer which carried fifteen thousand cases of cans containing three hundred and sixty thousand rabbits. Australia has found a new industry and it is already prophesied that it will not be very long before the rabbit will come to be regarded as one of the great resources of the continent. There is suggested in this turn in affairs a rule of universal application, and that is, that it is always wise to endeavor to find how to turn one's difficulties to advantage. He is a wise man who can make his enemies serve him. Many a seeming pest has been turned into a blessing when met with courage. (345)

CLAIMING BOTH EARTH AND SKY.

We are compelled to live in this world, but it is our privilege to have communion with heaven. Jacob's ladder had its foot on the ground beside him, but it reached up to the sky. Ninette Lowater sings a little song of tribute to a great tree in lines which might also describe the privilege of a good man, or a noble woman to claim both earth and sky as their heritage. She sings:

Deep in the earth its great roots spread,
But heaven's own blue surrounds its head.

It holds the joy of Summer morn,
The strength of Winter's wildest born.

God's birds find shelter in its arms,
Secure from everything that harms.

It bows when south winds wander past,
But breasts unharmed the fiercest blast. (346)

UNSELFISHNESS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

The brightest side of war is revealed in the high qualities of manhood which often come out among plain and simple men under hard circumstances. Mr. Frederick Treves, consulting surgeon to the London hospital, who was present at the battle of Colenso, in South Africa, writing to the British Medical Journal, says there was evidence on all sides that the men behaved splendidly on the field, and that when brought back wounded they were almost universally plucky, patient and uncomplaining. Their unselfishness was many times very marked. On one occasion an orderly was bringing some water to a wounded man lying on the ground near where the Doctor was working. He was shot through the body and could hardly speak owing to the dryness of his mouth, but he said, "Take it to my friend first; he is worse hit than I." This generous lad died next morning, but his friend recovered. (347)

DANGER OF THE PROFESSIONAL SPIRIT.

A minister was traveling in northern California, accompanied by his wife and his little daughter four years old. Two little boys, the sons of commercial travelers, were talking to the little girl about their respective papas and what they did. One little lad said: "My papa sells shoes," and the other said: "Mine sells paper, and," turning to the little girl, "what does your papa sell?" For a moment the child hesitated, but, not to be outdone by boys, she replied with the air of a duchess, "My papa sells talk." Religious workers, whether in the pulpit or not, need ever to be on their guard against falling into the professional spirit where the little girl's description becomes the true one, and the worker sells so much talk for so much money. The messenger of God must be inspired with a consciousness of high calling and the assurance of the presence of the Holy Spirit. The Christian worker must be supported, of course, by his work, but his work must not degenerate into a mere matter of barter and trade. (348)

THE CHRISTIAN'S PROFESSION.

Dr. Hepworth says he was long puzzled by what Paul meant by the phrase "All things are yours," until one Summer evening sitting under a tree by a country roadside a Christian workingman solved it for him. This man said in substance: "I am one of the richest men in the world, my wealth is so abundant that I cannot possibly make full use of it. Look at that broad landscape stretching for many a mile to the horizon; there are those who think the land belongs to them because they have deeds in the registrar's office, but they are mistaken, for it is mine as well as theirs. And see the stars coming out in their rich splendor one by one as the daylight fades. They also are mine; they shine on me and for me. Look at my wife and children, He has given them to me that I may have a home on earth which will tell me something about the home above. Christ is mine, and his religion is mine. The New Testament was written for me, and it is a possession of which no man can rob me. Yes, and best of all, heaven is mine when life has no more for me to do." The best part of it all is that these glorious riches are within the reach of every man and woman in the world. (349)

FRUIT IN OLD AGE.

The South African war, calling for so many workers on the part of the Red Cross Society and arousing so many earnest women to action in behalf of the wounded soldiers, has recalled Florence Nightingale and the wonderful pioneer work she did on the battle fields in the Crimea. She is now a very old woman, being more than eighty years of age, and has been confined to her bed for a long time; but old and feeble as she is, she takes a great interest in the living world, and when the war broke out in the Transvaal the British government sent to her bedside to make inquiries of her and ask her advice concerning nursing, and propped up in her bed with pillows she prepared her answers. In spite of her weakness, Florence Nightingale fulfills the Psalmist's promise that the righteous like the palm-tree "shall bear fruit in old age." (350)

CONKY STILES.

As near as I can find out, nobody ever knew how Conky Stiles came to know as much of the Bible as he did. Thirty years ago people as a class were much better acquainted with the Bible than folks are nowadays, and there wasn't another one of 'em in the whole Connecticut Valley, from the Canada line to the Sound, that could stand up 'longside of Conky Stiles and quote Scripture. Well, he knew the whole thing by heart, from Genesis, chapter i., to the amen at the end of the Revelation of St. John the Divine; that's the whole business in a nutshell!

His name wasn't Conky; we called him

Conky for short. His real name was Silas Stiles, but one time at the Sunday-school convention, Mr. Hubbell, the minister spoke of him as a "veritable concordance of Holy Scriptures," and so we boys undertook to call him Concordance, but bimeby that name got whittled down to Conky, and Conky stuck to him all the rest of his life.

When Conky was eight years old he got the prize at our Sunday-school for having committed to memory the most Bible verses in the year, and that same spring he got up and recited every line of Acts of Apostles without having to be prompted once. By the time he was twelve years old he knew the whole Bible by heart, and most of the hymn-book, too, although, as I have said, the Bible was his specialty.

Conky was always hearty and cheery; we all felt good when he was around. We never minded the way he had of quotin' things from the Bible; we'd got used to it, and maybe it was a desirable influence. At any rate we all liked Conky.

But perhaps you don't understand what I mean when I refer to his way of quotin' the Bible. It was like this: Conky, we'll say, would be goin' down the road, and I'd come out of the house and holler: "Hello, there, Conky! where be you goin'?"

Then he'd say: "John, 221:3." That would be all he'd say, and that would be enough; for it gave us to understand that he was goin' a-fishin'. Conky never made a mistake; his quotations were always right.

The habit grew on him as he got older. Associating with Conky for fifteen or twenty minutes wasn't much different from readin' the Bible for a couple of days, except that there wasn't any manual labor about it. I guess he'd have been a minister if the war hadn't come along and spoiled it all.

In the fall of 1862 there was a war meetin' in the town hall, and Elijah Cutler made a speech urgin' the men folks to come forward and contribute their services—their lives, if need be—to the cause of freedom and right. We were all keyed up with excitement, for next to Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher, I guess Elijah Cutler was the greatest orator that ever lived. While we were shiverin' and waitin' for somebody to lead off, Conky Stiles rose up and says: "I. Kings 29:20," says he, and with that he puts on his hat and walked out of the meetin.'

"Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee."

That's what Conky said, or as good as said, and that's what he meant, too.

He didn't put off his religion when he put on his uniform. Conky Stiles, soldier or civilian, was always a livin' walkin' encyclopedy of the Bible, a human compendium of psalms and proverbs and texts; and I had that confidence in him that I'd have bet he wrote the Bible himself if I hadn't known better and to the contrary!

We were with McClellan a long spell. There was a heap of sickness among the boys, for we weren't used to the climate, and most of us pined for the comforts of home. Lookin' back over the thirty years that lie between this time and that, I see one figure loomin' up, calm and bright and beautiful, in the midst of fever and sufferin' and privation and death; I see a homely, earnest face, radiant with sympathy and love and hope, and I hear Conky Stiles' voice again speaking comfort and cheer to all about him. We all loved him! he stood next to Mr. Lincoln and Gen. McClellan in the hearts of everybody in the regiment!

They sent a committee down from our town one Thanksgiving time, to bring a lot of good things, and to see how soon we were going to capture Richmond. Mr. Hubbell, the minister, was one of them. Deacon Cooley was another. There was talk at one time that Conky had a soft spot in his heart for the deacon's eldest girl, Tryphena, but I always allowed that he paid as much attention to the other daughter Tryphosa as he did to her older sister, and I guess he hadn't any more hankerin' for one than he had for the other, for when the committee came to go home, Conkey says to Deacon Cooley: "Well, good-bye, Deacon," says he, "Romans 26:12."

The histories don't say anything about the skirmish we had with the rebels at Churchhill's bridge, along in May of '64 but we boys who were there remember it as the toughest fight in all our experience. They were just desperate, the rebels were, and—well, we were mightly glad that the night came, for a soldier can retreat in the dark with fewer chances of interruption. Out of our company of 150, only 60 were left. You can judge from that of what the fighting was at Churchill's bridge. When they called the roll in camp next day, Conky Stiles wasn't there.

Had we left him dead at the bridge, or was he wounded, dying the more awful death of hunger, thirst and neglect?

One said: "Let's go back for Conky!"

A detachment of cavalry went out to reconnoiter. Only the ruins of the preceding day remained where we boys had stood and stood and stood—only to be repulsed at last. Blue coats and gray coats lay side by side and over against one another in the reconciling peace of death. Occasionally a maimed body, containing just a remnant of life, was found, and one of these crippled bodies was what was left of Conky.

When the surgeon saw the minie hole here in his thigh, and the sabre gash here in his temple, he shook his head, and we knew what that meant.

We heard Conky's voice once, and only once again. For when, just at the last, he opened his eyes and sa wthat we were there, he smiled, feeble like, and the grace of the Book triumphed once more within him, and he says—it seemed almost like a whisper, he spoke so low: "Good-bye, boys, II. Timothy 4:7."

And then, though his light went out, the sublime truth of his last words shone from his white, peaceful face:

"I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith!"—Eugene Field in Chicago Record

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Ancestry and heredity should count for much in the man who is to become a minister in the Church of Jesus Christ. It is conceded that the first of these, in the genealogy of some ministerial candidates, as someone has facetiously said, is "like potatoes, all that is good of them is underground.' " And of the second, that their inherited tendencies are not on the whole such as are helpful to fit them for this holy calling. Nevertheless, in the Aaronic priesthood, direct descent, and that not of a doubtful character, was regarded as a preliminary requisite to an induction into the sacerdotal order. Certain it is that pre-natal and ancestral influences have always been counted as prominent factors in the case. Chaucer in his quaint way says, "The first stock was full of rightwiseness." And St. Paul, addressing Timothy, adds, "I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois and thy mother Eunice, and I am persuaded that in thee also." Even the divine man, the peasant of Galilee, so far as his human nature is concerned, comes under the same laws. Again and again the sacred writers remind us of His lineage, and regard it no mean theme for their inspired pens to record His ancestry, on Mary's side and Joseph's line, for many generations back.—From "The Minister Himself," by Rev. Charles Sheard.

Some Marginal Notes on the Gospel of Matthew from the Newberry Bible.

Matthew.
2: 6—rule—shepherd.
4: 1—devil—Diabolos, the Accuser.
4: 23—gospel—glad tidings.
5: 18—jot—iota or yod, smallest letter Hebrew alphabet. Tittle—minute horn-like extremity of some of Hebrew letters.
5: 25—adversary—opponent (in a law-suit).
5: 30—offend—stumble (Gr. skandolon, that part of a trap which when touched causes it to fall).
6: 2—have—have in full.
6: 11—daily—needed.
6: 19—lay—treasure.

A colored woman of Washington went to her pastor the other day to complain of the conduct of her husband who, she said, was a "low-down, worthless, trifless nigger." After listening to a long recital of the delinquencies of her neglectful spouse and her efforts to correct them, the minister said: "Have you ever tried heaping coals of fire upon his head?" "No," was the reply, "but I done tried hot water."

Mother: "Johnny, stop using such dreadful language!" Johnny: "Well, mother, Shakespeare uses it." Mother: "Then don't play with him; he's no fit companion for you."—Tid-Bits.

Success has given its agents the privilege of choosing any premium they wish for securing subscribers.

From Huntingburg, Indiana, came an odd request for "a Bible, or a Smith and Wesson revolver."

Dr. Samuel Johnson's proposal to his second wife, said Eli Perkins, teaches a lesson of frankness and truthfulness to us all.

"My dear woman," said the great philosopher, as he looked the woman he loved in the eye, "I am a hard-working man, and withal something of a philosopher. I am, as you know, very poor, and one of my uncles has been hung."

"I have less money than you, doctor," said the sensible woman, "but I will try and be philosophical, too. None of my relatives have been hung, but I have several who ought to be."

"Providence and philosophy, my good woman, have evidently mated us," said the wise doctor, as he printed an intellectual kiss on her truthful brow.

There are three short and simple words, the hardest of all to pronounce in any language, but which no man or nation that cannot utter can claim to have arrived at manhood. These words are, I was wrong.—Lowell.

DEPARTMENTS.

Incidents Old and New, Biography, History, Art, Poetry, Hymnology, etc.

Edited by F. M. Barton.

GLEANED FROM LIFE.

Wendell Phillips on Fire.

"In 1863," said Eli Perkins, "I happened to meet Wendell Phillips in the streets of Boston.

"He was walking faster than usual.

"'Where are you going, Mr. Phillips?' I asked.

"'I am hurrying to Faneuil Hall. There's a meeting there. President Grant has called out troops in New Orleans to suppress the riots. I must be at that meeting!' and away he went.

"I followed the eloquent man, then in his prime. At Faneuil Hall there was a great Democratic crowd. A Democratic orator was speaking, but no sooner had Mr. Phillips' head appeared above the platform than the people began to shout, 'Phillips, Phillips!' Very soon he was addressing the audience, and endeavored to conciliate and pacify his hearers.

"'In all cases where great peril to citizens exists,' he said, 'it is the duty of the government to protect them.' No sooner had he finished the sentence than a number of men began to hiss.

"The great orator paused a moment, and then an inspired wrath took hold of him, his great eyes gleamed, and in a blast of irony he exclaimed:

"'Truth thrown into the caldron of hell would hiss like that!" (969)

Man's Extremity.

"Man's extremity is often surely God's opportunity. Some men were to climb a high mountain in Norway. A guide had been hired at a great expense, who was to call them in the morning. At the appointed hour they were awakened, but by a boy of only ten years. The tourists remonstrated and said they had been cheated, for surely this boy could not guide them. But the boy could not understand and simply pointed to the mountain. So in disappointment they started, hoping in some way to get their money back. The boy led them for about two miles, when they came to the foot of the mountain and there was the guide with all the appliances for climbing. He would not waste his strength in taking them along the comparatively safe path from the hotel. But he was ready to aid when the dangers were to be met. So often God does not reveal Himself till our time of need. (970)

Not Afraid to Die.

Chinese Gordon was standing on the earthworks of a fort amidst the flying shot and some one said: "That man will surely be killed." The reply came: "He's one of those Christians. He ain't afraid to die." (970½)

Soft Answer.

"Do you think it wrong for me to learn the art of self-defense?" asked a young man of his pastor.

"Certainly not," answered the minister. "I learned it in youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life."

"Indeed, sir! did you learn the old English system or Sullivan's system?"

"Neither. I learned Solomon's system."

"Solomon's system?"

"Yes; you will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defense of which I know." (971)

His Sign.

A boy was passing a saloon, and seeing a drunken man lying in the gutter in front of it, he opened the door and said: "Mister, your sign's fell down."

The saloonkeeper chased him half around the square. (972)

Twenty Five Minutes.

There are fourteen hundred and forty minutes in every day; out of these I promise God and myself to give, at least:

Ten minutes to reading the Bible,

Ten minutes for meditation on what I have read and

Five minutes for prayer.—Yatman. (973)

Christ and Mohammed.

A man said to me some time ago, "How do you account for the fact that Mohammed began his work six hundred years after Christ and yet he has now more disciples than Christ?"

I replied, "A man can be a disciple of Mohammed and not deny himself, not have any cross. He can live in the darkest, blackest, foulest sin; but if any man will be a disciple of Jesus Christ he must come out from the world, he must take up his cross daily and follow Jesus." (974)

Paul's Persuasion.

A man was dying during the war. He was asked of what persuasion he was. He replied: "Paul's."

"What! are you a Methodist? They all claim Paul."

"No."

"Are you a Presbyterian then? They claim Paul, too."

"No."

"Of what persuasion are you then?"

"I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." (975)

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "BLACK ROCK"

Overcome by Temptation.

The saloonkeeper and his friends gives one of the converts lemonade with whiskey in it and he fell:

"Oi tried—to fight it hout—but—oi got beaten. Hut 'urts to think 'E's hashamed o' me. Oi'd like t' a done better—oi would."

"Ashamed of you, Billy!" said Craig, in a voice that broke. "Not He."

"An'—ye hall—'elped me so!" he went on. "Oi wish oi'd a done better—oi do," and his eyes sought Geordie, and then rested on Mrs. Mavor, who smiled back at him with a world of love in her eyes.

"You hain't hashamed o' me—yore heyes saigh so," he said looking at her.

"No, Billy," she said, and I wondered at her steady voice, "not a bit. Why, Billy, I am proud of you."

He gazed up at her with wonder and ineffable love in his little eyes, then lifted his hand slightly toward her. She knelt quickly and took it in both of hers, stroking it and kissing it.

"Oi haught t'a done better. Oi'm hawful sorry oi went back on 'Im. Hit was the lemonaide. The boys didn't mean no 'arm—but hit started the 'ell hinside."

Geordie hurled out some bitter words.

"Don't be 'ard on 'em, Geordie; they didn't mean no 'arm," he said, and his eyes kept waiting till Geordie said hurriedly:

"Na! na! lad—a'll juist leave them till the Almichty."

Then Mrs. Mavor sang softly, smoothing his hand, "Just as I Am," and Billy dozed quietly for half an hour.

When he awoke again his eyes turned to Mr. Craig, and they were troubled and anxious.

"Oi tried 'ard. Oi wanted to win,' he struggled to say. By this time Craig was master of himself, and he was answered in a clear, distinct voice.

"Listen, Billy! You made a great fight, and you are going to win yet. And besides, do you remember the sheep that got loose over the mountains?"—this parable was Billy's special delight—"He didn't beat it when He got it, did He? He took it in His arms and carried it home. And so He will you." (976)

Graeme's New Birth.

Graeme was the foreman of the lumber camp. The following conversation takes place during a visit to his home:

Then Graeme asked me to finish the tale. After I had finished the story of Billy's final triumph and of Craig's part in it, they sat long silent, till the minister, clearing his throat hard and blowing his nose more like a trumpet than ever, said with great emphasis:

"Thank God for such a man in such a place! I wish there were more of us like him."

"I should like to see you out there, sir," said Graeme admiringly; "you'd get them, but you wouldn't have time for election."

"Yes, yes!" said his father warmly; "I should love to have a chance just to preach election to these poor lads. Would I were twenty years younger!"

"It is worth a man's life," said Graeme earnestly. His younger brother turned his face eagerly toward the mother. For answer she slipped her hand into his and said softly, while her eyes shone like stars:

"Some day, Jack, perhaps! God knows." But Jack only looked steadily at her, smiling a little and patting her hand.

"You'd shine there, mother," said Graeme, smilingly upon her; "you'd better come with me." She started, and said faintly:

"With you?" It was the first hint he had given of his purpose. "You are going back?"

"What! as a missionary?" said Jack.

"Not to preach, Jack; I'm not orthodox enough," looking at his father and shaking his head; "but to build railroads and lend a hand to some poor chap, if I can."

"Could you not find work nearer home, my boy?" asked the father; "there is plenty of both kinds near us here, surely."

"Lots of work, but not mine, I fear," answered Graeme, keeping his eyes away from his mother's face. "A man must do his own work." (977)

The Compact.

Graeme meets with some college class-mates and rebukes one for swearing:

"What an awful fool a man is to damn things as you do, Rat. Things are not damned. It is men who are; and that is too bad to be talked much about. But when a man flings out of his foul mouth the name of Jesus Christ"—here he lowered his voice—"it's a shame—it's more, it's a crime."

There was dead silence, then Rattray replied:

"I suppose you're right enough, it is bad form; but crime is rather strong, I think."

"Not if you consider who it is," said Graeme with emphasis.

"Oh, come now," broke in Beetles. "Religion is all right, is a good thing, and I believe a necessary thing for the race, but no one takes seriously any longer the Christ myth."

"What about your mother Beetles?" put in Wig Martin.

Beetles consigned him to the pit and was silent, for his father was an Episcopal clergyman, and his mother a saintly woman.

"I fooled with that for some time, Beetles, but it won't do. You can't build a religion that will take the devil out of a man on a myth. That won't do the trick. I don't want to argue about it, but I am quite convinced the myth theory is not reasonable, and besides, it won't work."

"Will the other work," asked Rattray, with a sneer.

"Sure!" said Graeme; "I've seen it."

"Where?" challenged Rattray. "I haven't seen much of it."

"Yes, you have, Rattray, you know you have," said Wig again. But Rattray ignored him.

"I'll tell you, boys," said Graeme. "I want you to know, anyway, why I believe what I do."

Then he told them the story of old man Nelson.

"That's why I believe in Jesus Christ, and that's why I think it a crime to fling His name about!"

"I wish to heaven I could say that," said Beetles.

"Keep wishing hard enough and it will come to you," said Graeme.

"Look here, old chap," said Rattray; "you're quite right about this; I'm willing to own up. Wig is correct. I know a few, at least, of that stamp, but most of those who go in for that sort of thing are not much account."

"For ten years, Rattray," said Graeme in a downright, matter-of-fact way, "you and I have tried this sort of thing"—tapping a bottle—"and we got out of it all there is to be got; paid well for it, too, and—faugh! you know it's not good enough, and the more you go in for it, the more you curse yourself. So I have quit this and I am going in for the other."

"What! Going in for preaching?"

"Not much—railroading—money in it—and lending a hand to fellows on the rocks."

"I say, don't you want a center forward?" said big Barney, in his deep voice.

"Every man must play his game in his place, old chap. I'd like to see you tackle it, though, right well," said Graeme earnestly. And so he did, in the after years, and good tackling it was. But that is another story.

"But, I say, Graeme," persisted Beetles, "about this business, do you mean to say you go the whole thing—Jonah, you know, and the rest of it?"

Graeme hestitated, then said:

"I haven't much of a creed, Beetles; don't really know how much I believe. But,' by this time he was standing, "I do know that good is good, and bad is bad, and good and bad are not the same. And I know a man's a fool to follow the one, and a wise man to follow the other, and," lowering his voice, "I believe God is at the back of a man who wants to get done with bad. I've tried all that folly," sweeping his hand over the glasses and bottle, "and all that goes with it, and I've done with it."

"I'll go you that far," roared big Barney, following his old captain as of yore.

"Good man," said Graeme, striking hands with him.

"Put me down," said little Wig, cheerfully.

"I say," said Polly Lindsay, coming up in his old style, slow but sure, "let's all go in, say for five years." And so we did. We didn't sign anything, but every man shook hands with Graeme. (978)

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

A Passion.

The Queen of Roumania, "Carmen Sylva," is so passionately fond of flowers that she is positively unable to rest happily in a room where there are no blossoms. As to writing without the neighborhood of flowers, that she has declared to be quite out of the question. Nearly all her literary works have been composed out of doors, in a roofless room, built of reeds and surrounded by a hedge of rose bushes, in the hollows of which are cunningly concealed cages full of singing birds. The floor is of mossy turf. In one corner a tiny fountain pours forth perfumed waters; in another swings a luxurious silken hammock, in which the queen can rest and dream. Her seat is a mossy bank, her desk a lichened stone, carved into the shape of a writing table. This is beautiful, you say, but there are some things more beautiful than flowers—souls. A passion for souls caused Jesus to give His life on the cross. (979)

Instinct

We often hear of "the instinct of direction," as we may call it, possessed so marvelously by savage races. People profess to explain it in one of two ways. It is either said that the Indian actually does take note of the sun, the wind, the lay of the land, or the course of the streams—which, as a fact, it is often, in the dense forest, impossible for him to do,—or else it is set down simply as "instinct," and this, although it is nearer the mark, is, in a sense, to beg the question.

Instinct, however it may be in the case of animals, is here, no doubt, hereditary experience. The sun, the wind, the streams are influences, but only that. The Indian does not consciously observe them. Just as you; using an experience gained in daylight, can follow without hands in the dark winding staircase between the baluster and the wall, so with the Indian in his forest. A conscience, spirit filled, will lead us the straight and narrow path. (980)

The Dirt Wave.

"Did you ever notice the dirt wave?" asked an old longshoreman at the Sixty-ninth street dock in Chicago as he pointed to a long black streak on the lake, which looked like the line of the horizon. "It comes about twice a year as regular as the season, and never fails to reach this side of the lake during the month of April. Where it comes from I can't exactly understand, and how the rubbish which it carries sticks together is a mystery to me. You will notice," he continued, "that as far as you can see in either direction the dirt wave reaches."

"What is the dirt composed of?"

"Why, just common rubbish. Sticks, wooden boxes, old newspapers mixed up with a sort of mortar of dust and marine plants. I'll bet that wave is 100 miles long." The dirt wave of the world, the submerged, are we gathering souls out of it? (981)

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Shining Faces.

"A man's occupation or condition has more to do with making his face than most people think," observed a gentleman who is somewhat of a judge of character to a Washington Star writer. "Intellectual pursuits, like the studies of the scholarly professions, when coupled with temperate and good moral habits of life, brighten the face and give the person a refined and superior look. Magnanimity of nature or the love of study and art will make a bright, glad face, but, contrary to this, a man may have a face that does not please anybody, because of a love of self to the exclusion of others, notwithstanding his learning and worldly shrewdness. Soldiers get a hard, severe look; overworked laborers constantly look tired; reporters look inquisitive; judges become grave, even when off the bench; the man who has had domestic trouble looks all broken up. Sons of God get a loving, tender look, that refreshes men and women everywhere. (982)

Reservoir of Purity

Walter Moseley, spoken of as "an engineering expert of the London county council," has furnished that body with a surprising bit of information, which may be credible and certainly is interesting. Under the city, "in a chalk basin 3,566 square miles in extent" is an immense lake of pure, cold water, 100 feet below the surface of the ground into which sinks sufficient rainfall for a daily yield of 766,000,000 gallons. It is suggested that instead of bringing the city's water supply from Wales, as has been proposed, this lake be tapped by artesian wells. Just above the vortex of busy life, with its cares and temptations, is a reservoir of grace, from which we can drink by faith whenever thirsty. (983)

Garden of Friends.

It is said the Countess Castellane, who was Anna Gould of New York, has the loveliest garden in France. She delights in old-fashioned flowers, and in her garden they are allowed to grow in wildest luxuriance, making the place a perfect dream of beauty. One corner of this delightful spot is called by its owner her "friendship garden," and in it she plants flowers which are associated in her mind with friends and relatives. What flower would represent you in such a garden? (984)

Chemical Demonstration.

A very forcible illustration of the effects of sin and the atonement is shown by a chemical experiment as follows: To half a goblet of clear rain water add three drops of a solution of tannin, made by mixing 20 grains of tannin in one ounce of water. This will leave the water clear. Add to the water (in the goblet) three drops tincture of iron, which will turn it black (representing the effect of sin on the soul). Then add two or three drops of a moderately weak solution of bromine, which is red, and the black solution will quickly turn white and clear as at first, showing the effect of Christ's blood upon the sinner's heart. Very effective. (985)

Six Days.

Metals get tired as well as living beings. Telegraph wires are better conductors on Monday than on Saturday, on account of their Sunday rest, and a rest of three weeks adds 10 per cent. to the conductivity of a wire. Christian workers should have a rest day if engaged all day Sunday. (986)

God's Exceptions

The rule is that all bodies expand with increase and contract with decrease of temperature. An exception to this is that water follows the rule till it reaches freezing point (32 deg. F.), then it reverses and expands instead of contracting. On this fact depends the floating of ice, instead of its sinking to the bottom. If it sank it would accumulate and all streams would freeze up, all northern waters become ice fields, and most, if not all, the world perish. God's wisdom by this one exception made the earth capable of being inhabited..—F. A. Cassidy. On being asked about the sun standing still at Joshua's command, a Christian writer said: "If God, who started the universe, can't stop it, we will go to smash some day." (987)

Stars Hidden.

Astronomers tell us that stars are bodies of vast magnitude, so vast that we can hardly comprehend their greatness; and yet it requires but very little to hide the greatest of them from our vision. When David Rittenhouse, the astronomer, wished to determine the position of the heavenly bodies, he found that a silken thread drawn across the glass of his telescope would completely hide a star from view, and that the finest silken fiber would completely conceal a distant star for several seconds.

So a very little thing may cover our eyes and conceal from us the light and glory of the heavenly world, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—H. L. Hastings. (988)

Frozen Christians.

Prof. R. W. Wood of the University of Wisconsin has originated the idea of thawing out frozen water pipes with electricity and has made successful experiments. He takes the electric current used for street lighting purposes, attaches one wire to the frozen pipe inside the cellar of one house and the other wire to a similar pipe in the adjoining house, thus completing the circuit. A current of about fifty bolts is then turned on, heating the pipes and melting the ice within. The channels of divine grace sometimes become worthless because of the coldness and sluggishness of God's people. The channels are not used enough and they are frozen. Some dig them up and replace with something else. But what we need is to let the old channels that God has given us alone and pray Him to send the electric current of His Spirit along the channels and melt the ice. Then there will be a quickening of the streams of grace.—W. M. (989)

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UNUSUAL.

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Clergyman (to his wife)—"I wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me during the sermon."

Young Tommy—"Pa, you want to put the clock right behind the pulpit.—Ram's Horn.

At a recent church dedication the invited preacher followed his sermon by taking subscriptions for the balance needed to pay for the building. As the subscriptions proceeded one of the collectors announced, "The five Black children, $1!"

This the courteous money-raiser amended by saying, "Five little colored people, $1!"

Amid an outburst of laughter the pastor hastily explained that the donors were white children by the name of Black.—Epworth Herald.

General Booth says in the Christian Endeavor World: "It is to me a continual torture to contrast, in travelling, the amount of energy displayed in the sale of soap, pills, and whisky, with the slow, sleepy, once-a-week style of gospelling so largely prevalent among the followers of Jesus Christ."

Little four-year-old Harold met with a very serious accident, having both a broken arm and a broken leg in consequence. When he was able to talk, his father questioned him as to how it happened. "Oh," he said, "I went upstairs, and there was a window open. I looked out, then I hollered out, and then I jest followed the hollor."—Selected.

A Scottish preacher who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he fairly began, suddenly stopped and exclaimed:

"Brethren, it's nae fair. Gie a mon half a chance. Wait till I get alang, and then if I'm nae worth listening to gang to sleep, but dinna gang before I get commenced. Gie a mon a chance."

It is a good story that has gone the rounds that a "Christian Science" lady, who was zealous in the new light, asked her Irish chambermaid: "Biddy, how is your grandfather now?" Biddy answered: "He is very poorly, ondade, mum; he has the rheumatism so badly.

"Why, Biddy," said she, "there is no such thing as rheumatism; he thinks so." "Yis, mum."

A few days later the lady asked again: "Biddy, does your grandfather still think he has the rheumatism?" "Oh, no, mum; poor mon, he thinks he's dead now; we buried him yesterday."—Baptist Standard.

Wilbur F. Crafts says that one of the very best methods of reform is to publish in the press and pulpit the substance of the laws and penalties relating to intemperance, gambling, impurity and Sabbath breaking. Such a publication proves to be sensational news, so little do citizens know of their laws. When you turn over a stone, how the bugs run! Lawbreakers are similarly affected when the light is let in on them. The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but, as Dr. Parkhurst says, they "make better time when some one is after them." (990)

SELECTED POETRY.

The Ministry of Angels.

EDMUND SPENSER.

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts; but O; th'exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve wicked man, to serve his foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succor us that succor want?
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?—Heb. 1: 14. (991)

The Hermitage.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pass
In travel to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chapel edifyde,
Wherein the heart duly wont to say
His holy things each morn and eventide;
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.—Isa. 58: 5, 6, 7. (992)

Una and the Lion.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and and ward;
And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared:
From her fair eyes he took commandment,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.
—Isa. 11: 6-7. (993)

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The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had.
Right, faithful, true he was in deed and word:
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad:
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.
—Gal. 6: 14. (994)

A Death-Bed Lament.

ROBERT GREENE.

O that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits restored!
What rules of life, what counsel I would give,
How should my sin vith sorrow be deplored!
But I must die of every man abhorred:
Time loosely spent will not again be won;
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.
—Heb. 4: 7. (995)

Mercy.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The quality of Mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from Heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It blesseth Him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
Eph. 2: 4-5. (996)

The Mind Alone Valuable.

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feothers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eyes?
—I Sam. 16: 7. (997)

Slander.

Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. (998)

Henry's Soliloquy on Sleep.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why, rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Then in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
* * * * * * *
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
—Ps. 127: 2. Prov. 3: 24. (999)

A Good Conscience.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked though lock'd up in steel
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
—Heb. 10: 22. (1000)

Cardinal Wolsey on the Vicissitudes of Life.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness,
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim in bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory; * * *
—Luke 12: 31. Matt. 6: 32. (1001)

PASTORIAL SUGGESTIONS.

The Church must not Leave Her High Place.

Why should the church leave her high place and come down to the arena, where she will be put to shame? Do men come to church for petty pleasures fit only for children, or for the satisfaction of their souls and the confirmation of their faith? Would Christianity have begun to exist if the Apostles had been "pleasing preachers" and "bright men," and had given themselves to "socials" and "sales" and "talks"? The church triumphed by her faith, her holiness, her courage, and by these high virtues she must stand in this age also. She is the witness to immortality, the spiritual home of souls, the servant of the poor, the protector of the friendless, and if she sinks into a place of second-rate entertainment, then it were better that her history should close, for without her spiritual visions and austere ideals the church is not worth preserving.—Ian Maclaren in October Ladies' Home Journal. (1002)

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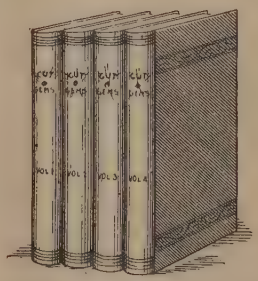

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instance, wholly in sending out words of cheer, comfort, goodly suggestion. To whom? Send one to your pastor on Monday thanking him for some good he did you on Sunday—one to your washerwoman on Tuesday telling her how her efficient service on Monday helped you—on Wednesday one to a friend who does not often go to prayer-meeting saying you will call for her and would much enjoy her company—on Thursday one to your shut-in friend with a cheery quotation to tide her over the long week—on Friday one to the leader of your Sunday evening devotional meeting saying you are praying for him. (1003)

Alexander the Coppersmith.

We have read of a new kind of a collection-box, a patent affair, into which a dollar or a half-dollar, or even a quarter, would fall without making any noise on a softly padded cushion; a nickel, however, would ring a bell; while a penny or a trouser button would fire off a gun. This patent collection-box is not on exhibition, but if put into actual use it would doubtless limit the harm done by Alexander, the coppersmith. (1004)

Vacations.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis has opened a ledger account with the ministerial and church vacation. It must be explained that in New York many of the churches are closed for two whole months of the summer, though there is an increasing number of Christian Endeavor societies that hold the fort every Sunday evening. On his return from his two months in the Adirondacks, Dr. Hillis, according to a Brooklyn daily, confessed that he felt something like a criminal, and would probably never take so long a vacation again.

Possibly this remark had in view the discussions of the metropolitan papers whether it is fair for a minister to take two months' vacation, when most of his people can get but two weeks, and some not that. (1005)

Theatre or Church.

The Philadelphia Bulletin has been making a comparison of the number of people in that city who attend the theater and those who attend church, and finds the church attendance far in excess. The weekly attendance at the different places of amusement, it says, is not more than 170,000. It is hard to compute the church attendance exactly. (1006)

Rainy Night Christians.

"Which sort of man is most helpful to you?" asked one clergyman of another. "I mean to you personally and individually." "If you really want to know," said the older man, with symptoms of a smile at the corners of his mouth, "it isn't either of those men who helps me most. It's the man who may or may not agree with my views, but who cares enough about my sermons to come to church on stormy Sundays, when most people stay at home. He's my best helper."—The Wellspring. (1007)

My Hopes.

Alexander the Great gave away so much spoil that one general asked him what was left for himself. "My hopes," was the prompt reply. (1008)

A Fancy.

What would happen if all the inhabitants of the British Isles were seized with the desire to attend a place of worship? After every house of God belonging to all denominations had been filled, 25,000,000 would be crowded out. There is space at present to seat 15,000,000. The population is 40,000,000; therefore, if all chose to attend a place of worship, the accommodation would have to be three-fifths larger than it is at present. (1009)

God is Love.

Mr. Spurgeon was visiting a friend in the country, and, when being shown about the place, he noted a large weather-vane bearing the text, "God is love." "Do you mean to tell the whole countryside, asked Mr. Spurgeon, "that God's love is as changeable as the wind?" "No," replied his friend, "but I mean to tell them that God is love no matter which way the wind blows." (1010)

Hints on Singing.

A writer in "Our Young People" gives the following suggestions regarding congregational singing. They will be found to contain some useful hints for music committees:

"Assure the congregation of your belief that they can sing, and sing without the aid of the choir. Have them sing a stanza without the choir. Be sure that it is a familiar tune, that the results may be the best possible. Now ask the choir to show what an improvement their singing will make in the next stanza. If you want to learn some splendid new tune, get one that is familiar with it—yourself, if necessary,—to sing the first stanza as a solo, for the first trial of a new piece is often depressing to a meeting. First impression should be the best, not discouraging. All sing the chorus and repeat it, until everybody knows it. The second time you try that selection they will have the tune in their minds, and sing it without hesitation. (1011)

To Make a Church Prosper.

A city pastor in a sister denomination, who is especially noted for the all-around efficiency and success of his work, has issued a circular to his people under the above caption. Believing that it will prove helpful to our pastors and people, we give it as follows:

Why should there be a decaying church in the world? There is a sure way of prosperity. It has never failed, and never can. A few simple rules observed by all the members of any church will insure good days. If the church is decaying, the decay will soon be arrested. If it is standing still, it will soon begin to grow. If it is already flourishing, it will grow more rapidly.

1. Attend all the services regularly.

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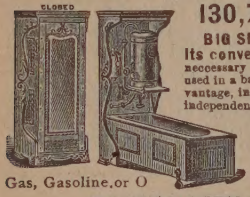

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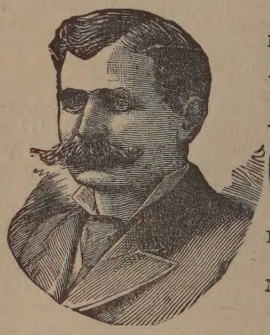

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2. If it rains or snows, make a special effort to go.

3. Never miss a prayer-meeting needlessly.

4. Invite some one else to go every week.

5. Take part in the meetings. Be ready to give a reason for the hope that is in you with meekness and fear, and to speak well of Christ and the church.

6. Think of the services through the week, speak of them to others, and pray that they may be attended with divine blessing.

7. Pray for each member so far as you may know them, especially for the sick and poor.

8. Pray for the pastor. His usefulness will be greatly increased by the daily prayers of all the people. His preaching will improve wonderfully under such conditions.

9. Note the absence of members, not to criticise or find fault, but to show them proper attention in case they are sick, to encourage them if they are cast down, to restore them if they are wandering.

10. Speak to strangers, and invite them to come again.

11. Accept gladly any work assigned you, but never show a spirit of envy when others are promoted in the church.

12. Never encourage strife, but be a peacemaker.

13. Never speak of the faults of others to your neighbors, and never to those who have made mistakes, unless it be for the purpose of correcting them, and then be sure to do it in love.

14. Give cheerfully, according to your ability.

15. If able, take a church paper.

16. If the pastor or some one else is struggling under a heavy load, take hold and help.

17. Never insist on having your own way against the majority, and never insist on overriding a minority with careless indifference.

18. Make some unconverted soul a special subject of daily prayer. Preserve in prayer, together with judicious effort, until that one shall be brought to Christ. Then begin at once to bring another in the same way by prayer and personal effort.

19. If you know persons who might be gotten into St. Paul's Church or Sunday-school report to the president of the Pastor's Aid Society.

If we knew that such simple rules as these would give us a good harvest, or insure physical health, or make us rich, as well as we know that they will make the church prosper, would we not all begin at once to observe them? These things we can all do. No special talent is required. By so doing ye shall bear much fruit? (1012)

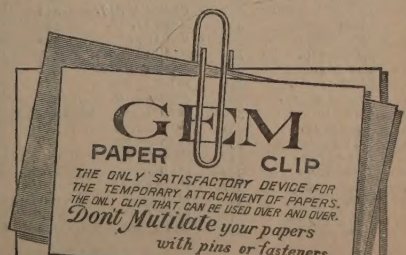
Four persons out of every 3,000 men, women and children in the United States are either in jail or out on bail, or are fugitives from justice, says the New York World. Their total number is 90,000, out of a population estimated at 70,000,000. Only 6 per cent. of all those who have fallen foul of the law are women. The total number of crimes committed against the persons, running the whole gamut from assault to murder, are 20 per cent. of the total of crimes committed in the country. Against society are 25 per cent. of all the crimes punished in the United States, while 10 per cent. are miscellaneous ones, which it is impossible to classify.

The proportion of the natives to the foreign classes and to the colored class among the prisoners in the United States is interesting. It is surprising to find that less than 5 per cent. of all prisoners are colored. Foreigners are much more numerous in the criminal courts, 30 per cent., perhaps, while 65 per cent. are natives.

It is recorded that of the total insane in the United States, 7 per cent. are colored, 28 per cent. are foreigners and 65 per cent. natives. This, of course, does not mean that the number of insane natives is greater in proportion to the population. Judged on this basis, the percentage of native insane is smaller than among the foreigners or colored people. (1013)

Miss Helen F. Clark of the Evangelist band, addressing the New York preachers' meeting on "The Religious Condition of New York," said that as a heathen city New York can beat Tokio; that there are 1,300,000 persons without any religious affiliation at all, which number is 100,000 more than the population of Tokio, the second largest heathen city in the world.

Among other figures which Miss Clark used were these: "On Manhattan island there are nearly 5,500 people to every Protestant church. Only about 7 per cent. of the population are members of Protestant churches, and that is a loss of about 1 per cent. since the census of 1890. There has not been an actual loss in numbers, but the difference in percentage is due to the steady stream of foreigners, 3,000 a week, who keep rushing in. "In the Dakotas, the Protestant church membership is 18 per cent. of the population, in Texas it is 29 and in South Carolina—the highest in the country—the percentage is only 43. There are more non-Christians in New York city than in the entire western half of the country. (1014)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